29,
Fitzroy Square,
W.

Sunday.

My Victor,

If you knew the misery it is to me to sit down to a writing table & begin a letter! — I should do it once a week, with the groans of a martyr tied to the stake, while a vulture pecks my back. And then is the Quaker who doesn't like to be kept waiting, because if I have anything to say, I can rarely say it on one Well-pre ach day.

I have been alone this Sunday, Mrs Clive & Adrian having taken

lodging at Cambridge, what I
feared to do – as I meant to read,
& write, & see how my eyes
were – & 4 people in lodgings
is no better than a prolonged
Bank Holiday. I should have
lost my temper, & had to
waste hours recovering it,
as on the Acropolis – do
you remember. So the
consequence was I had done
all the work I want to read,
French & Latin & English & Greek –
& then sat the Square & fetched
with volunteers; however I read a
lot, & never was so happy
in my life – a little beast in
a green forest, with all its

NYPL

29,
Fitzroy Square,
W.

But this morning
fruit & nut.
I knew I must see Life; so I
went in the Tube to Golders
Green, & walked through dear
dusty fields to Hampstead; &
I sat down in one where there
was a corner empty, & ate my
sandwiches, & a cake with
sugar on the top which I had
with me in a piece of Grey
paper. Then I found a farm,
with a stuffed pig in the
window, where the people were
having Sunday dinner; then I
climbed the top of the hill, &
saw St Pauls on one side &
Harrow on the other. This is
a beautiful story - such as I

Shad tell heroes children; they
never say here "do go on, what
Virginia; what happened next!"
"An Ogre" I shall say: they
will know & believe; but Violet
who has lived all her life
among sophisticated people do
not pick white seals, like
those that drop off dried fish
lung in the sea, grow on her
eyes — Violet shant hear of mine
& this story. NYPL Well then
I come home — & you can't
guess what I did —
Slept in my Chair — & washed —
& put on a Skirt which has
lately been cleaned — And
I went & called on Margot!

29,
Fitzroy Square,
W.

how there was a loosely built
fresh coloured gentleman there in
a frock coat, who might have
come out of a novel; he was a
Racing man, who said the country
was going to the Dogs – Germans
invading us. Charlie Beresford
says we have no fleet – &
Trade Unions at the bottom of all
Free speaking is all very well in theory –
but free speaking must be kept
silent. & the people hear. –
There a kettle of fish.
And I saw George & Margaret. –
felt as I always feel 10 years
old, with Aunt & Uncles &
nice manners; & I always
Expect George to give me half a crown

& Margaret to open a cupboard &
bring out a box & take off the
lid very slowly, & give me a
large, rather nasty sweet, with
almond & fruit, & something I
don't like. What I shall do
the latter on the way home.
I think old George is a little
best, because he counted the
weeks since we had met, &
said he never saw his 'family'
now. I see he is too much
best to speak naturally even of
Nina & Clive. But what
my position among them ah is,
I don't know; I see what you
can pick & guess, & manage
good feeling; & grow odd
relics of what was once affection-

NYPL

29,
Fitzroy Square,
W.

& then there is Rosa, like a
wasteful child pulling the
head off flowers — beautiful as
a sudden (at which you always
smile) & Clive with his nice
taste, & kindness to me, & his
slipshodness & acidity — well.)
might & pour out the English
language without making a
coherent story of it. Anyhow,
I've written such a letter as it is
not decent to receive at breakfast
time, when you have guests.
It looks too intimate. Now
I am going to get out all my
books again — after I have written
to the Quaker. & I am going

to write in my head, when I always
write immortal work, an article upon
Lady Fenshawe. " I am going
to walk ~~N~~ and my desk ~
then take out certain manuscripts
which he sees with surprise
as I grow old. I shall be
miserable, or happy; a wordy
sentimental creature, or a writer
such stylish as shall one day
turn the page. da pe
lights in the square as lighting, ~
it is turning a ~~star~~ silver gray,
~ there are beautiful young women
still playing tennis on the grass.
Shall you be in London ! ~
Shall you come ~ see me?

L A S.

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

[1907]

My Violet

I sent off some books yesterday, but not the right ones, I am afraid. The Batchers Aspects of Greek Genius, is rather good, I think: but you will have a mind like a bran pie after reading my pleasant odds & ends! Dent tells Greece & Japan & the History of Wellington all mixed: & tells us about Dr. Young & the Acropolis - the man who wrote the Anthology - or Night Thoughts.

I am so sneezing today: well for
various reasons: nature, & Jack a
the Sabbath, & the cheque for
£9. 7. which lies before me: & or
beneath me. NYPL This is the largest
sum I have ever made at one blow:
it is the gift of the Times.
But now to business:
George was here on Saturday: very
earnest & eager to impress upon
us the fact that Women cant
travel by themselves in Constantinople.
Margaret went with a servant, &
was insulted. He say also
the heat in Greece is really bad:

As to Constantinople
I think we ought to do
on the way back with Ibsley —
Adrian. Stars for
of the kind?
I went to Cooks, & found a stupid
If it is true, it is worth thinking about.
man who said that there was no
boat to Constant: they cd. make
out ticket. He is sending a
list of routes & prices which I
will forward.
Shall I come down again one day
this next week. & Friday?
But don't let me dislodge Mr.
Lyttelton; or all my articles will
be refused. But the Times
appreciates me! Ibsley made
£1000. one thousand pound by
selling 10 pages of Thackeray Lord
Bateman

George sold it to Pierpont Morgan –
So all Bar Expenses & Greek Expenses
are more than paid for.
I wish my manuscript would
sell for more than its meaning.'

LMS.

NYPL

29,
Fitzroy Square,
W.

My Violet.

You told me - & hence I thought - that you were going to send a line to say whether I was to come on Sunday or Friday. So I waited, & never heard, & supposed it was today. O Lord - what a nuisance all dates are — they never come right. I wish I had gone, as I did almost, on the chance it was Thursday. Here is some beak for your

Tea.

Shall I come another day —
all next week, & apt Monday,
is free.

NYPL

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

Sunday 1907

Dear Violet.

Could you possibly come to lunch, tea, or dinner tomorrow - Monday. Maja is very anxious to see you, & she goes on Tuesday morning.
I am afraid you are a rare bird to hit; but come if you can.

Yrs
H.

29,
Fitzroy Square,
W.

Violet,
I dont think I can afford
a dress at this moment.
With you lend me
back the copy of my
Life of you? I always
forgot it, & I want to
have it. Great work as it
is!
WOW.